

MARVEL®
20th May 89

THE REAL

NO 49 40p
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GH0STBUSTERS™





Well, howdy partner, put it there! Yes, in this week's fabulous issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** our intrepid and fearless team find themselves in the Texan oilfields, no less! Are they staking a claim in the desert? Are they hoping to make a disgustingly huge amount of money on a lucky strike? Or are they going out there to fight against some slurpy and spooky **Petroplasmis!**? No prizes for guessing right! As if this wasn't enough of a challenge, the ghostbusting gang have to rescue Ray from another dimensions in **Ray's from the Grave!** Can they drag him back to this world? Who knows? Perhaps he'd rather stay! Anyway, what with this and other grave problems to be encountered, when Winston meets some ghostly cowboys in Winston's Diary! we're in for some ghostly and ghoulish fun!

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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON and NICK ABADZIS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor PERI GODBOLD
Spiritual Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE

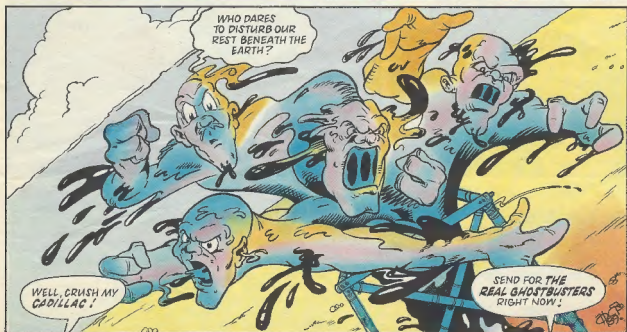
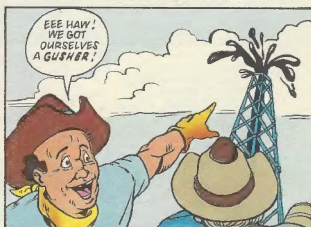


JANINE MELNITZ

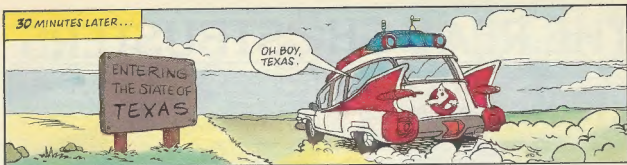


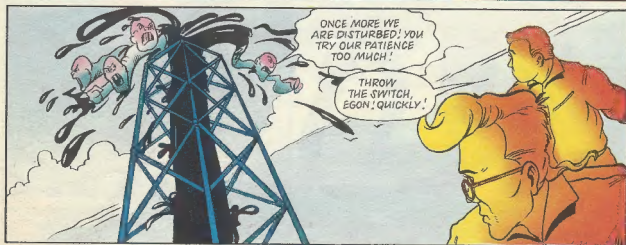
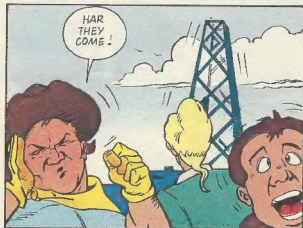
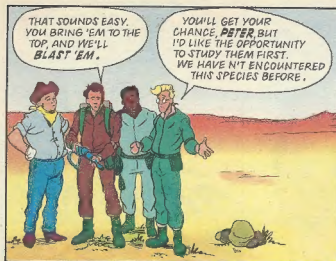
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



30 MINUTES LATER...







DON'T
HURT US!



WE WON'T HURT YOU,
WE'LL JUST LOCK YOU
UP SO YOU DON'T
CAUSE ANY MORE
TROUBLE!

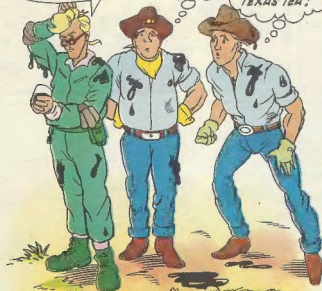


WE CAN ONLY LIVE
AMONG THE ROCKS. WE
ARE **PETROLEUM SPIRITS**
WE MEAN NO HARM. THE
OIL WOULD DRY UP IF YOU
TAKE US AWAY FROM
HERE!

THIS DOESN'T SEEM
LIKE NORMAL **ECTOPLASM**
TO ME. IT'S MORE LIKE
CRUDE OIL.

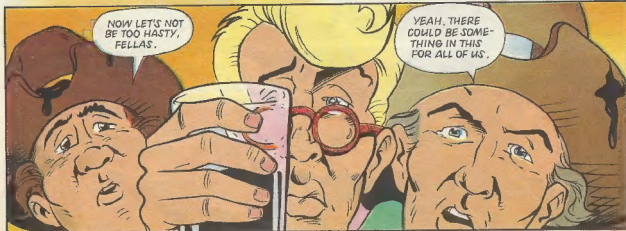
DID HE SAY
OIL?

BLACK GOLD!
TEXAS TEA!



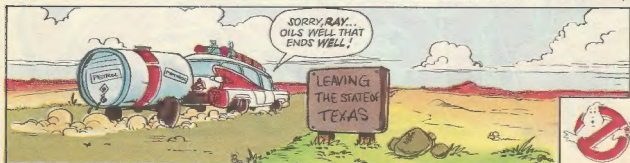
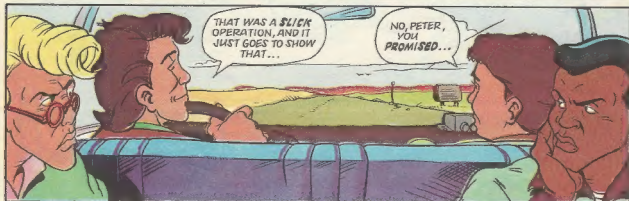
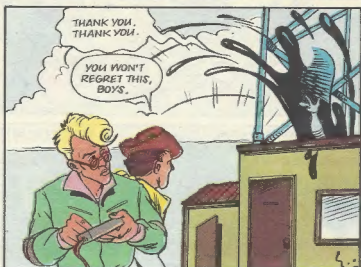
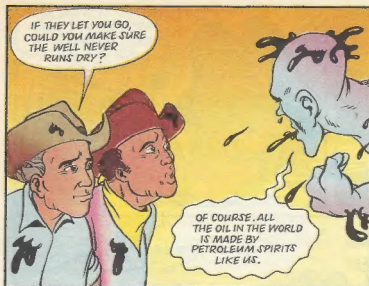
LET US GO AND
WE WILL NEVER
COME BACK.

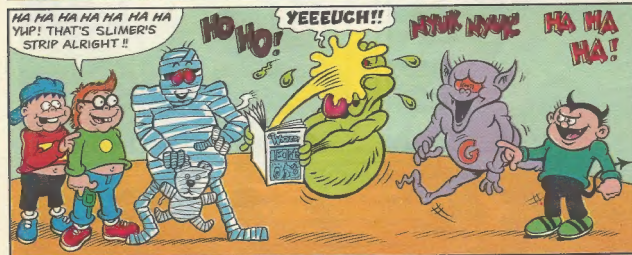
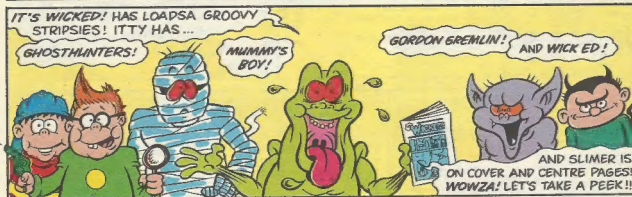
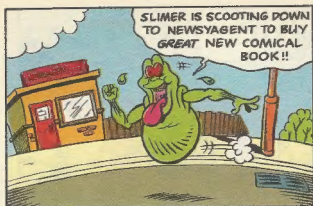
WE DON'T
MAKE DEALS
WITH SPOOKS!



NOW LET'S NOT
BE TOO HASTY,
FELLAS.

YEAH, THERE
COULD BE SOME-
THING IN THIS
FOR ALL OF US.





ON SALE NOW!

WICKED!

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

I seem to return to the subject of Elementals pretty regularly (Guide 40 for example), but as I've tried to show before, they are pretty fundamental to the Supercosmos. This week I'm back on the subject again. Last week I received a letter from Otto von Pebbelshale, an eminent German geologist. In fact you might call him a tectonic Teutonic . . . or maybe you wouldn't. Anyway he reported an incident last month when he was taking core samples in the Kalahari. As he sunk the drill bit into the top soil, the ground exploded into a mass of snarling rock and pointed quartz-like fangs. Pebbelshale barely escaped with his core sample. 'What was it?' he asked me in his letter.

Elemental, my dear Pebbelshale!

'Scuse the joke, but it's true. What my learned colleague unwittingly stuck his drill bit into was a spook that is listed in Vondahuck's *Pop-up Book of Real Spooky Thingies* as a class five Location-Derived Fully-Manifesting Mineral Repeater, or Earth Elemental. I've spoken about fire, water and cold elementals at some length, but the earth elemental is just as potent in some of its forms as many of its related class. Let me take the opportunity to explain some of the key forms:

Qulortz

Vicious and savage, this is



PART 49

the most common form and is undoubtedly the subspecies encountered by Dr. Pebbelshale. The Qulortz has a very short temper and is easily aggravated by such things as, say, a drill bit in the backside.

Stalagwights

This takes the form of a long spine of mineral salts sticking out sideways from a cave wall and this is easily distinguishable from a stalagtite or a stalagmite. If approached, the Stalagwight will set up a dreadful moaning and cry, "Hey, mate, could you see your way to hangin' me from the cave roof by any chance? I 'ate it 'ere. It's really borin'." Oy, give us a hand can't you, mate . . ." On no account give it a hand as this will be the last you see of it. The hand, I mean. The Stalag-

GUIDE

wight has particularly sharp pointy teeth.

Fiendspar

Cunningly disguised as anything from a piece of iron-rich limestone to a shard of Feldspar, this beastie will lie in wait and give you a nasty nip on the shin. Bear in mind, though it may not be the tallest of Earth Elementals, it has impeccable dental work i.e. big, sharp and pointy.

Gritgeist

Basically small, gravelly lumps of granite or basalt, the Gritgeist can actually hover above ground for a few seconds and make a high-pitched sniffing sound. Okay, I admit it. It's not a very frightening monster and isn't going to rock the spirit world by a long chalk.

Apology

I apologise for those last two puns about 'rock' and 'chalk'. They were inexcusably unfunny and suggested by Peter.

Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?

How do you spot an Earth Elemental? If it agrees with any of the above then it's definitely a mineral spook. If it's soft and fluffy with whiskers it is probably a cat and therefore an animal and harmless (unless you are a mouse or a litter tray). If it makes jokes about 'rocks' and 'chalks' then there can be no doubt about its true nature . . .

GHST WRITING!



Hi, folks! Here's the latest collection of mind-scrambling questions. Pick up those pens and keep them coming. You know what they say—a letter a day keeps the postman busy!

Dear Peter...

I think THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS are absolutely brill. I love Anthony Larcombe's artwork, especially in 'Ghostly Reflections'. When you and the others burst into Janine's apartment it was completely spectacular. I look forward to seeing more of this excellent artwork. By the way, are the Dead true! stories really 'dead true'? Or are they just more elaborate spook-based fiction stories? Hang loose,
—David Lynch, Churchtown

Well, thanks very much, David. Glad to hear that you appreciate the artwork. Anthony will probably be very red-faced and overcome when he hears of this! By the way,

the Dead True! stories are dead true! Believe it or not! They are actually based on fact. Really!

I would like to ask you a couple of questions:

1. Does Egon always take everything seriously and is Egon famous for inventing things?
 2. In issue 35, in Skeleton in the Closet why is it that when the boy's dad opened the door to the closet the Dead Zone wasn't there, yet when the Ghostbusters went in, it was?
- David Winstanley, Bolton

1. Well, basically the answer is 'yes'. Egon does tend to take most things seriously. He does occasionally have a brainstorm however and a smile can be seen if you're quick enough! 2. Well, I guess that the boy's dad had already made up his mind that there was nothing in the cupboard and he didn't therefore see anything. Life's like that sometimes.

Here are some questions:

1. Have you got a girlfriend?
 2. Do you think Dana is pretty?
 3. Do you think Egon is handsome enough for Janine?
- Jenny Higginson, London

Thankyou for your questions, Jenny. 1. In a word, yes. Lots of my friends are girls! 2. No. I don't think Dana is pretty—I think she's absolutely beautiful! 3. Who am I to say if Egon is handsome enough for Janine? Looks aren't everything and you know what they say—beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

What were you doing blasting that lovely orange ghost holding the house up in Ghost Buttress? Bring him back you bully. I liked him, I used to like you, you creep!
—Joe Banks, Grimsby

What can I say, except for sorry? I did feel pretty bad about the little guy afterwards, but you know how it is, we have a job to do. Look, I said I'm sorry, okay?

I am very interested to know:

1. How well do you and Winston get on together?
2. Will you ask Egon what the most famous ghost in America is.
3. Can you give me some information on the Proton Packs and how they work.
4. Who made the Proton Packs?

By the way if you want to bust Slimer, do it in the night when the others are asleep. Keep up the good work.

—Neil McGrath, Tramore

1. Hey, what is this? Are you trying to write a scandal column, or something? We get on great. 2. I think, without a doubt the most famous ghost in America has to be Slimer! 3. The Proton Pack consists of the Proton Gun, which is the firing part of the weapon and the Proton Pack itself. It contains a portable nuclear accelerator and a particle thrower which fires a laser stream made of high-energy ions from the gun. 4. The pack was invented by Egon and built by Ray. I think that covers everything!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

LITTLE DEVIL

You know what they say. Never work with children or animals! Well, this was certainly applicable in the case of this fiendish infant. The ungrateful young devil proved to be something of a handful for his makeshift babysitters at Ghostbusters' HQ. Although the origin of the demon was unknown to his hosts, the baby actually came from the very nurseries of Hell itself! A real Son of Satan! Really, it was the pointed tail, the horns, and the sharp teeth which gave it away. The Ghostbusters found it rather difficult looking after little 'Hank' the truth be told. The young curtain-climber just would not eat his rusks and they didn't have a stock of brimstone and treacle at the time. So, the demonic, ankle-biter was eventually put to bed in a Ghostbusters' containment trap.



WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN Ⓢ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and NICK ABADZIS

Saturday, 13th of May, 1989

Alright, I don't like spaghetti and I'm not sure if I like Westerns, either. Not now, anyway. Let me tell you how it happened, see . . .

The call for the bust came in around six in the morning something about spooks in a saloon, Janine said. I didn't think much of it (too busy waking up, I suppose) until I found myself on a fast flight to Texas, armed with a PKE Meter, spectroscope and my trusty Proton Pack and gun. The report I took with me explained that some ghostly cowboys had started terrorising a town called Malice. I remembered that Ray had encountered trouble with a cowboy spook before, out in the mid west somewheres - but this sounded like a whole gang of them. I wondered just why they'd started to cause trouble. I soon found out.



A pretty, blond-haired, pony-tailed girl called Amy Lou, dressed in a cowgirl's outfit, met me at Dallas airport and drove me to Malice. She thought we'd get there around noon (I should have spotted that one coming) and told me that the ghosts in question were the evil Clinton Gang, back to cause trouble a hundred years after being hunted down for their crimes. They'd been well known outlaws in the last century, wanted for all manner of robbing, shootings, cattle-rustling, stealing horse shoes, that sort of thing. It seemed now, that they were

having an anniversary re-enactment of their lives in Malice. This was a sort of western town for tourists and the ghosts' antics were losing the town a lot of trade. Lassoing businessmen in the street and tying them to the tracks of the nearby railroad doesn't look too good in the newspapers. Then there was the incident with the cart, the twelve tons of ice cream just arrived from Houston and the local church choir. I shivered as I heard how the Clinton Gang had dumped their stolen icy load all over the choir as they left the church from choir practice. They sounded like a mean bunch, and I wasn't talking about the choir.

We drove into town at about 11.45. It was even nearer noon. There was nobody around. It was a ghost town all right. "Everyone's too afraid to go out," explained Amy Lou. When one of the Clinton's rode past, I had to say that I couldn't blame the towns people for being scared. He was a vicious looking brute, unshaven, with a broad black hat and outfit, firing ghostly bullets into the air from a pair of wicked looking six-guns. The ghostly ruffian rode a horse that looked as though it had been borrowed out from the Devil's stable.

"That's Pa Clinton," said Amy Lou, clutching my arm. "He's meaner than the rest of the Clintons put together!"

"Well he's going to look a lot less meaner in a ghost trap," I replied, and leapt out of the car, firing my Proton Gun. You just don't mess around with this sort of spook - this was no time for one of Egon's discussions on the merits of free floating phantoms. I shot first and didn't plan to ask questions afterwards.

Pa Clinton screamed with anger as I caught him and his ghostly steed in the Proton beam. The horse leapt and bucked out of the way in an instant, heading down the main street of the town like there was no tomorrow. I chased them right away, straight down towards the bank where I could hear some shots and cries of dismay. Amy tailed behind, with a dozen ghost traps in her arms. I hoped I wouldn't need that many!

Pa Clinton stopped outside the bank and shouted to someone inside; his mistake, because it gave me time to catch up and blast him again with the Proton Gun. I said I didn't mess around that day. Pa wailed like a scalded cat, his horse bucked and squealed once more – but he was caught, good. With one final curse, he dropped into the ghost trap which Amy Lou passed me.

Someone passed me a red and white handkerchief to mop my brow with. "That's one, how many more?" The church clock struck twelve noon. I noticed the hand holding the 'kerchief was very bony-looking. I looked down the arm into an unsavoury face. "If you're talking about us, boy," said the face, "look around..."

I looked around. It seemed the polite thing to do, even if the four spectral cowboys that were glaring at me were in no mood to be polite back. "You've interrupted our little bank raid and arrested our Pa," growled the nearest one, Albert Clinton. "I guess we're going to have to call you out," said Alphonse Clinton. (Don't ask us – it's a long story). "But I've already been called out," I replied, "I've just arrived from New York."

"Hee ha! A joker, hey?" said the one called Cedric, as Amy ran for cover in the bank. "We means you against us, mister – in a *gunfight!*"

"Oh," I said, acting dumb. "Just *what* does that involve?" The ghosts rolled about on the floor laughing at this one.

"Doesn't know what a gunfight is, no sir, hee ha!" The one with no teeth, a hook nose and breath like Ray's socks staggered toward me and pointed down the street. (He was called Edmund, I think.) "We go down that end of the street, see?" said Edmund, breathing hard. "Yes," I said. "What do I do?"

"Why you just stay here and when we get there and turn round, you try to beat us to the draw."

"But I don't have a pencil," I said.

"Ha!" said Cedric. "I mean, we draw our guns – like this!" the ghost pulled a nasty looking six-shooter from its holster faster

than you could say Class Nine Ethereal Plane Manifestation. "Oh I see," I replied. "Then I pull my gun – like this..." (I pulled my Proton Gun up).

"Then what?"

"Why then you *fire*, boy," shouted Albert, laughing hard.

"You mean – like *this?*" I said, firing my Proton Gun and catching the lot of them in it's beam.

"That's right, you dirty rat..." squealed Albert, as they dropped into another ghost trap in an instant. Like I said, you don't mess around with evil spooks like that. When you're dealing with the ghoul, the bad and the very ugly and you have to get back to Ghostbusters HQ in time to deal with a paranormal parrot in the Statue of Liberty, there's no time for idle talk. Since I wasn't heading back to HQ to deal with a paranormal parrot in the Statue of Liberty I stayed in Malice for a well earned break. Well, the spaghetti was tax-deductible, wasn't it?



DEAD TRUE!



here are many tales and legends which are connected with the 'wild west', but they pale into insignificance when compared with the tale of horror which is about to be told here!

It all started in the year 1890 in Brewster County, Texas, when two brothers, by the name of Zack and Gil Spenser, were rounding up longhorn cattle. The two men were generally the best of pals, but when they laid eyes on a rather handsome steer with big and pointy horns, an argument broke out. "We could draw straws for him," Gil suggested. "Or better yet, use our guns," was Zack's reply and he pulled out his six-shooter and shot his younger brother dead.

Realizing what he had done, he became terribly grief-stricken. It was at this point that a cowhand asked Zack how he should brand the steer now. "With the same kind of brand that's on my hide," he wailed. "Brand him Murder and cut him loose and I hope to God, he haunts the mesa for a thousand years!"

That afternoon he buried his brother

From this moment, the steer was spotted in other parts of the countryside and with him he seemed to bring a trail of horror and death. It seemed that those who as much as saw him were fated to kill or be killed. It brought only misery and destruction! After a succession of deaths involving innocent people, it was believed that the steer itself had perished and had become

a ghost, whose restless spirit was doomed to trample the plains.

Lon Allan, a Montana rancher, said in 1920, "The brand across him looked big and red and not healed up the way it ought to be, not haired over at all. It looked as raw and cruel in the moonlight as on the day they burned it into the critter." The final sighting of the bull occurred one night in an incident involving Allen, his partner Cole Farrell and a neighbouring rancher by the name of Faye Dow. In a web of jealousy and intrigue, Dow was shot at by Allen and very nearly Farrell as well. However, it was the ghostly bull which was to take the brunt of the bullets and with a sorrowful and desolate look, it disappeared never to be seen again.

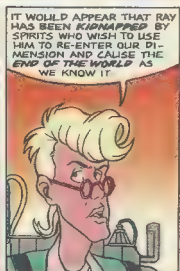
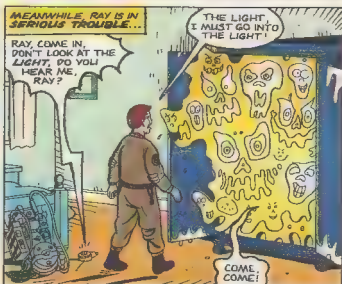
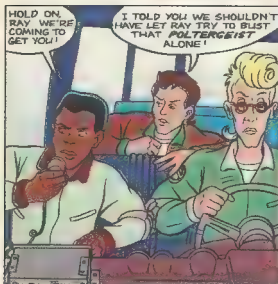
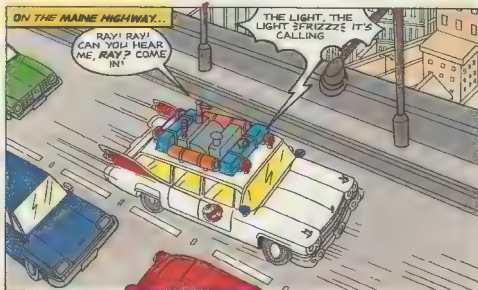
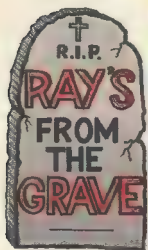
A GRAPHIC NOVEL

WILLIAM STEEL

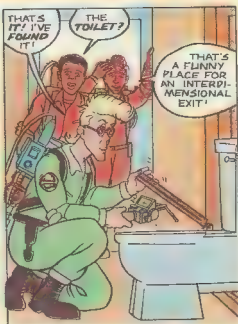
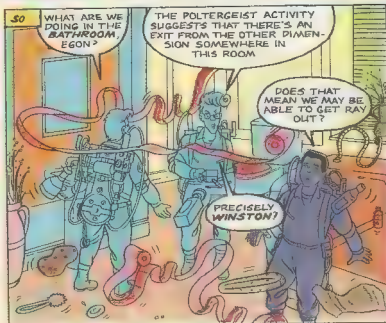
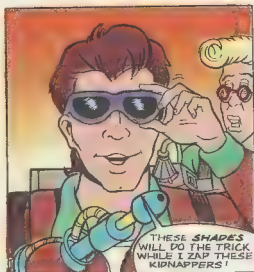
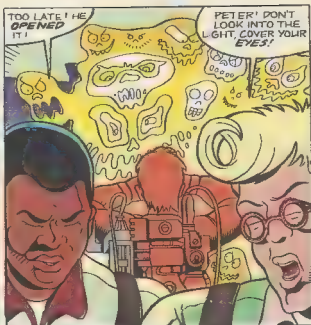
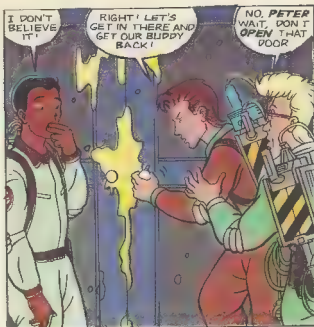


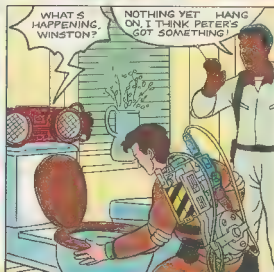
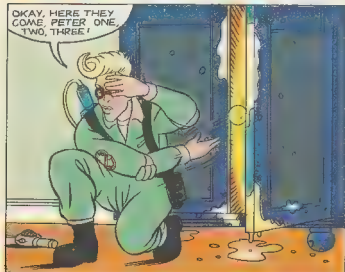
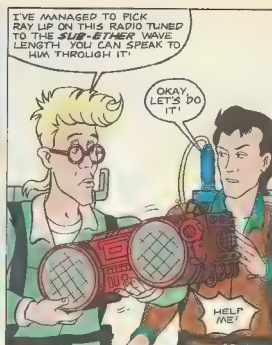
Coming very soon from MARVEL!

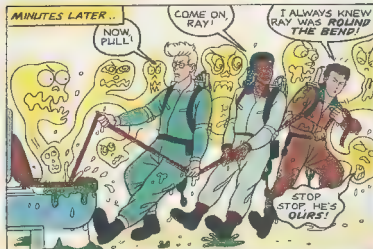
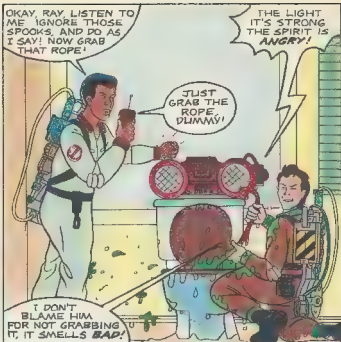
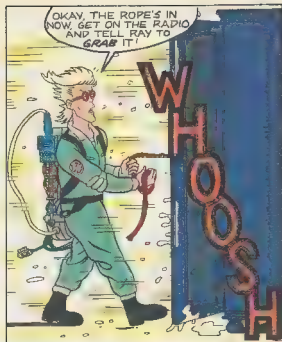
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

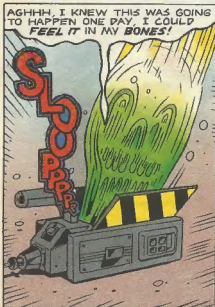
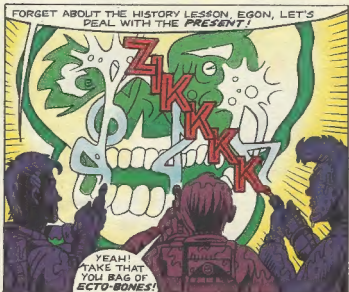
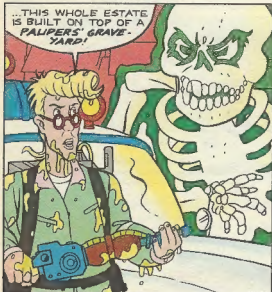
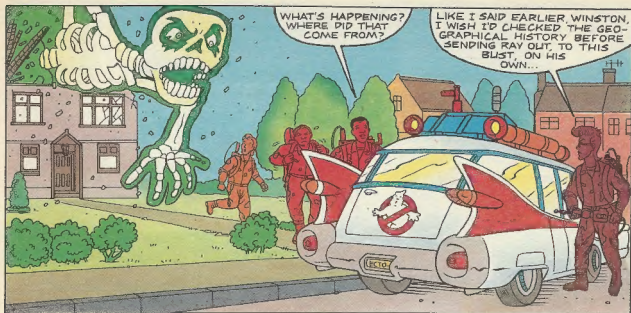


Story JOHN CARNELL Art PHIL ELLIOTT and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering TOM LEARNER Colouring STUART PLA









BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



SLIMER IS VISITING POLLY, TEDDY AND QUACKY IN TOY TOWN...

HOWDY DOODY, TOY FOLKS.

HELLO, SLIMER.

IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU.

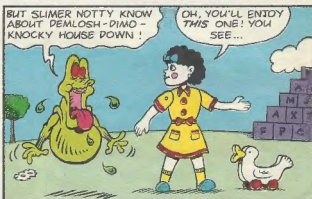


SLIMER WE'D LIKE YOUR HELP TO DEMOLISH A HOUSE.



BUT SLIMER NOTTY KNOW ABOUT DEMLOSH-DIND-KNOCKY HOUSE DOWN!

OH, YOU'LL ENJOY THIS ONE! YOU SEE...



THE HOUSE IS MADE OF CANDY!! Tee hee hee!

Ho Ho Ho!

YUMMY SLIMER LUVVY THISSY WORK. YUP YUP!

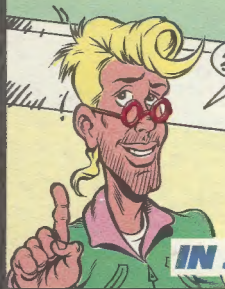
MUNCH! GOBBLE!

QUACK!



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THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 218** Part Four of *Race With the Devil*, by Furman and Wildman, in which the Autobots Backstreet, Override and Dogfight become involved in the mission to let Starscream finally rest in peace. PLUS Part Two of *Recipe for Disaster*, by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt, and Part Six of *The End and the Beginning*.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 49** It's the Wild, Wild West Issue, where you can read about *The Ghoul*, *The Bad and The Very Ugly*, by John Freeman. Ray gets trapped in another dimension in *Rays From the Grave*, by Carnell and Elliot. Then, we whisk you off to Texas to meet the Petro-Plasms, by Watson and Wildman. All in all, a real humdinger of an issue!

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 7** Death's Head and Spratt are up against the human chameleon Photofit in this month's fast-moving story. *Shot By Both Sides* is by Hitch, Furman and

Anderson. Our hero is himself being pursued by two gangland hitmen, Bigshot and Shortfuse. Who will get who first?

☐ **DOCTOR WHO 149** The Ice Warriors are on the prowl in this month's exciting issue, and we reveal just how dangerous the job of stuntman on Doctor Who really is. PLUS News, readers survey results, and the chance to win a Dapol Figure in our fabulous competition.

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